

PA  
3623  
A5M48

B

0  
0  
0  
0  
1  
8  
3  
7  
1  
5



U.S. SOLID ENGINEERING LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE  
GREEK ANTHOLOGY  
C. W. MELLOR



Mr. Wakeford

With C. W. Mello's kind regards

TRANSLATIONS



LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE  
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE  
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

C. W. MELLOR

BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE (RETIRED)

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION  
AT THE DOLPHIN PRESS, BRIGHTON

1914





# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Zeus of Scheria . . . . .	Julius Polyænus 2
Hesperus . . . . .	Plato 2
The Season of Calm . . . . .	Agathias 4
Thermopylae . . . . .	Parmenio 6
To Sparta . . . . .	Author unknown 6
Mice in a Scholar's Garret . . . . .	Ariston 8
The Inmost Shrine . . . . .	Meleager 8
A Cool Drink . . . . .	Simonides 10
Grave of a Drowned Sailor . . . . .	Author unknown 10
Troy . . . . .	Agathias 12
The Forest Spring . . . . .	Hermocreon 14
Thyrsis . . . . .	Myrinus 14
The Rabies of Love . . . . .	Paulus Silentarius 16
Satis Superque . . . . .	Archias 16
The Old Fisherman . . . . .	Macedonius 18
Tychon, God of Small Things . . . . .	Perses 20
The Burnt Hulk . . . . .	Leonidas of Tarentum 20
Roma . . . . .	Melinno 22
Homer . . . . .	Alpheus 24
Time's Little Ironies . . . . .	Plato 24
Three Brothers to Pan . . . . .	Archias 26
On a Statue of a Sleeping Ariadne . . . . .	Author unknown 26
The Old Husbandman . . . . .	Author unknown 28
Mycenae . . . . .	Alpheus 30
Her Crown of Flowers . . . . .	Meleager 30
Mycenae . . . . .	Pompeius 32
On a Cupid breaking a Thunderbolt . . . . .	Author unknown 32
The Tomb of Baucis . . . . .	Erinna 34

	PAGE
Erinna . . . . . Leonidas of Tarentum	36
Death in Exile . . . . . Tymnes	36
Trahit sua Quemque Voluptas . . . . . Strato	38
On the Statue of the Cnidian Venus . . . . . Author unknown	38
Reason <i>v.</i> Love . . . . . Rufinus	40
Venus Armed . . . . . Author unknown	40
The Cynicism of Love . . . . . Meleager	42
An Exchange . . . . . Plato	42
The Tomb of Sophocles . . . . . Simmias	44
The Grave of Anacreon . . . . . Author unknown	44
The Dead Friend . . . . . Author unknown	46
Pitiless Love . . . . . Meleager	46
Euripides . . . . . Thucydides	48
The Glory of the Heavens . . . . . Ptolemaeus	48
The Fear of Death . . . . . Agathias	50
On a Silver Statuette of a Sleeping Satyr . . . . . Plato	50
The Grave of a Dog . . . . . Author unknown	52
Youth and Age . . . . . Author unknown	52
The Worn-out Plough Ox . . . . . Addaeus	54
Safe in Port . . . . . Author unknown	54
The Children of Nicander and Lysidace . . . . . Author unknown	54
Hermes . . . . . Nicias	56
The Fall of Berytus . . . . . Author unknown	56
Vain Hope . . . . . Author unknown	56
Pindar . . . . . Antipater of Sidon	58
The Land of Erythrae . . . . . Homer	58
To a Flower Girl . . . . . Dionysius	59
To my Soul . . . . . Theognis	59
The Spartan Dead at Thermopylae . . . . . Simonides	59
Farewell . . . . .	60

Lenimen dulce senectae.

*Ovid*, Met. vi, 500.

TO ZEUS OF SCHERIA.

A. Pal. ix. 7. Julius Polyænus.

**Q**UI tibi agunt grates, faciunt qui vota timentes,  
Plurimus illorum clamor ad astra venit,  
Obtunditque aures, Scheriae, Pater optime, campum  
Qui regis. At votis annue, sancte, meis.  
Sit modus exilii, mihi mille laboribus acto  
In patria liceat jam requiesse meâ.

HESPERUS.

A. Pal. vii. 670. Plato.

**A**STRUM lucebas qui vivos inter Eoum,  
Mortuus exanimos, Hespere, luce foves.

O ZEUS of Scheria's holy plain, the fears  
Of those who pray, their thanks too who rejoice  
In answered prayer, for ever fill thine ears  
With myriad cries. Yet hear, O hear, my voice.  
To end my toil abroad true promise give  
And in my native land O let me live.

O NCE as the morning star your light  
O'er living men you shed.  
Now that you're gone, as Hesperus bright  
You shine among the dead.

## THE SEASON OF CALM.

A. Pal. x. 14. Agathias.

**C**AERULEUM pelagus somno jacet. Excita ventis  
Non jam candentes erigit unda jubar.  
Nec sese illidunt scopulis, aestuve retracta  
Aequora Neptuni rursus in alta ruunt.  
Respirant Zephyri, et stipulis contexta lutoque  
Tecta super Procne pipilat usque loquax.  
Eja age, solve metus, seu, nauta, attingere Syrtes,  
Litora Sicaniae seu lapidosa petis.  
Tutoris modo dona aris impone Priapi,  
Et rubros pisces ignibus ure piis.

CALM ocean darkling lies. No ruffling breeze  
Whitens with crested waves the placid main.  
And shattering on the rocks no swirling seas  
Sweep headlong back into the deep again.  
Soft Zephyrs breathe, and ever you may hear  
The swallow twittering o'er her straw-glued home.  
Take heart and sail; whether to Syrtes drear  
Or to Trinacria's pebbly shore you roam.  
But first to the Harbour God, Priapus, turn  
And on his altar-fires red gurnards burn.

## THERMOPYLAE.

A. Pal. ix. 304. Parmenio.

**M**ORE novo qui fecit iter, tranavit et altos  
Montes velificans, Oceanumque pedes;  
Illum Sparta hastis potuit retinere trecentis  
Non vos, O montes, vos, freta lata, pudet?

## TO SPARTA.

A. Pal. vii. 723. Author unknown.

**U**RBS invicta diu, nunquam temerata per annos,  
Fumus ab Eurotâ nuntiat, Hostis adest.  
Nidificans miser ales humi, quia deficit arbos,  
Te plorat, vacuum lustrat ovile lupus.



HIM, who of earth and ocean changed the way,  
And sailed o'er land, and walked upon the sea,  
We Spartans with three hundred spears did stay.  
Mountains and seas, ashamed ye well may be.

THE smoking camp fires on Eurotas show  
O once inviolate, the advancing foe.  
Birds, mourning thee, nest on thy treeless ground,  
And wolves thine empty sheep-folds prowl around.

MICE IN A SCHOLAR'S GARRET.

A. Pal. vi. 303. Ariston.

**S**I petitis panem, mures, aliunde necesse est  
Quaerere, me siquidem cellula parva tenet.  
Ite alio, quâ vos expectat caseus, et quâ  
Frustra ministrabunt, uvaque sicca dapes.  
Si comissantes iterum violare libellos  
Audetis, dapibus mors dabit atra modum.

THE INMOST SHRINE.

A. Pal. v. 155. Meleager.

**H**ELIODORA, mihi cor cordis sculptor in imo  
Ipse tui formam pectore finxit Amor.

GO elsewhere, mice, if seeking bread ye come  
I'm poor, and in a simple garret live.  
Go where a rich cheese in some wealthier home  
And scraps and raisins full repasts will give.  
But my loved books with your sharp teeth if you  
Attack once more your revel you shall rue.

HELIODORA of the lovely voice  
In my heart's inmost shrine  
Soul of my soul, your own dear image stands  
Sculptured by love divine.

## A COOL DRINK.

Athenacus 125. Simonides.

**H**AC nive deproperans Boreas contextit Olympum,  
Cum rapidus Thraces deseruisset agros.  
Frigore et horrebant homines. Nix deinde sepulta est  
Atque in Pieriâ viva latebat humo.  
Illius immiscendum aliquid. Bene frigida amico  
Pocula tam caro suppeditare decet.

## THE GRAVE OF A DROWNED SAILOR.

A. Pal. vii. 350. Author unknown.

**Q**UEM tegat hic tumulus tu, navita, quaerere vita,  
At maria assignent Dî meliora tibi.

THIS snow on great Olympus' shoulder steep  
The northwind spread when down from Thrace it swept,  
While ill-clad mortals shivered. Buried deep  
Then in Pierian soil alive it kept.  
Now mix some in my cup. No one would think  
Of offering to a friend a tepid drink.

ASK not whose tomb I am. May fate to thee  
O mariner, grant a more propitious sea.

## TROY.

A. Pal. ix. 155. Agathias.

**S**I Spartâ satus es, noli ridere: dederunt  
Exitium soli non mihi tale dei.

Nec lacrimis, Asiane, opus est, quando omnis in orbe

Urbs sceptri Aeneadum sub ditione jacet.

Marti olim hostili mea moenia templa potestas

Tecta domos fuerit depopulare, licet,

Fio iterum regina. At tu, mea filia, Roma,

Imperii Graium subjice colla jugo.

IF thou art Spartan, mock at me no more,  
Not I alone have fall'n by Fate's decree.  
Nor, Son of Asia, mourn, the wide world o'er  
To Dardan rule each city bows the knee.  
What though the jealous foe laid waste my home,  
My shrines and battlements in days long past,  
I'm Queen once more. Do thou, my daughter Rome,  
On Hellas' neck thy yoke of bondage cast.

## THE FOREST SPRING.

A. Pal. ix. 327. Hermocreon.

**H**UNC fontem inveniens manantem munera, Nymphae  
Pegasides, vobis haec dedit Hermocreon.

Vivite, et haec sedes pedibus calcata decoris

Humida saepe haustus det mihi dulcis aquae.

## THYRSIS.

A. Pal. vii. 703. Myrinus.

**I**LLE ovium custos Nympharum Thyrsis, agresti  
Quem Faunus calamo vix superare potest,

Ebrius en pinus sub tegmine dormit, ovesque

Ipsae pedum sumens curat amicus Amor.



**H**ERMOCREON chancing on this trickling spring  
Brought, water-nymphs, to you this offering.  
Live on, and treading with your lovely feet  
This damp haunt keep it full of water sweet.

**W**HILE Thyrsis, shepherd of the Nymphs, who can  
Play on the pipes as tunefully as Pan,  
Lies 'neath the pine at noon, in drunken sleep,  
Love takes his shepherd's crook and tends the sheep.

## THE RABIES OF LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 266. Paulus Silentarius.

**Q**UEM canis, ut perhibent, rabidus laniavit, in omni  
illi apparebit forma liquore canis.

Jam rabies animum pariter mihi vastat, acerbo

Me siquidem rabidus dente momordit Amor.

Scilicet in ponto, fluviis, vinoque figura

Protinus ante oculos stat tua, cara, meos.

## SATIS SUPERQUE.

A. Pal. v. 98. Archias.

**I**TELIS, Cytherea, alium pete; corporis istis  
Vulneribus certo pars mihi nulla vacat.

A MAN by mad dog bitten, if they say sooth  
In every liquid that same dog descries.  
Then Love in me has fixed his rabid tooth  
And now my soul a prey to frenzy lies.  
For thy dear form in rivers, in the sea,  
And in the wine-cup shows itself to me.

ANOTHER mark, O Cypris, seek  
For there is not  
In my whole body, free from wounds  
One vacant spot.

## THE OLD FISHERMAN.

A. Pal. vi. 30. Macedonius.

**A**FFIXIT Cleitor plumbo grave rete tridenti,  
Denique triste maris depositurus opus.  
Tum pelagus lustrans salsum, fluctusque tumentes,  
Haec loquitur lacrimis ora genasque rigans:  
Ut me pauperies fessum scis ipse, beate,  
Debilitans artus, opprimat usque senem.  
Quod superest vitae victum e tellure precanti  
Da mihi, qui terras oceanumque regis.

**R**OUND his fish-trident Cleitor, worn and old,  
Sick of sea-toil, his weighted net did fold;  
And to Poseidon and the salt sea's swelling  
Thus spoke, the tear-drops from his eyelids welling:  
Thou know'st how penury to me has clung  
Persistent, and with pain my joints are wrung.  
Still keep me, but on land, dear God, whose will  
All things in ocean, and on earth fulfil.

## TYCHON, GOD OF SMALL THINGS.

A. Pal. ix. 334. Perses.

**R**ITE vocanti adero; sed magna requirere noli,  
Sunt tenui curae tenuia sola deo.  
Quae tamen artifici valeat dare numen egenti  
Plebeium, haec nutu cuncta Tychonis eunt.

## THE BURNT HULK.

A. Pal. ix. 106. Leonidas of Tarentum.

**T**OT maria expertam tellus dedit ignibus ipsa,  
Quae pinos aluit queis ego facta, ratem.  
Ad terram incolumem duxit mare, sed mea certe  
Inventa est genitrix falsior ipsa mari.

**S**MALL God of small things I. And I will heed  
If rightly called. Ask thou for nothing large.  
But where a poor man's God the workers' need  
Can help, of this I, Tychon, have the charge.

**M**UCH sea I traversed, and the land, which bred  
The pines to build me, burnt me to the ground.  
Me safe and sound to shore the ocean led,  
Falsar than sea, my Mother I have found.

## ROMA.

Melinno (Stobaeus, 87, 26).

**R**OMA, mî salve, generosa proles  
Martis, auratâ redimita mitrâ,  
Editas, nunquam temerata, Olympi  
Quae colis arces.

Gloriam soli tibi dant Sorores,  
Semper infractum imperium tenere,  
Ut potens aevum domites in omne  
Robore gentes.

Sub jugum mittens maria atque terras  
Illigas loris. Ditione cunctos  
Tu tenens orbis populos gubernas  
Fortiter urbes.

Plura dum vastat senium, vicesque  
Mutat humanas, tibi tempus usque  
Parcit, et regnum sequitur secundus  
Ventus euntis.

Sola de multis generas valentes,  
Fortium nutrix. Cererisque more  
E viris ipsis potis es beatum  
Ducere fructum.



## TO ROME.

**H**AIL, Ares' daughter, warlike Rome.  
Gold-crowned, who in majestic state  
Dwellest in thine Olympian home,  
O Queen inviolate.

To thee alone the Fates allow  
To hold supreme unbroken sway,  
So that, endowed with power, thou  
May'st rule the world for aye.

Thy yoke is fixed upon the land,  
Thy bonds upon the ocean grey;  
Thou steerest with unfaltering hand  
The cities on their way.

Almighty Time, who loves to end  
All things, and moulds our lives at will  
Doth still the favouring breezes send  
Thine Empire's sails to fill.

To thee alone is born, I trow,  
Of valiant sons a hardy breed.  
Fair fruit, like Ceres, thou dost grow  
From men, as she from seed.

HOMER.

A. Pal. ix. 97. Alpheus.

**A**NDROMACHEN et adhuc ululantem audimus, et ipsa  
Pergama de fundo lapsa videre licet,  
Atque alacris vires Ajacis, et Hectoris alta  
Raptantes circum moenia corpus equos,  
Carminē Maeonidis; sibi quem non arrogat una  
Urbs proprium, mundi nam manet ille decus.

TIME'S LITTLE IRONIES.

A. Pal. ix. 51. Plato.

**O**MNIA fert aetas: mutare volubile tempus  
Fortunam et mentem et nomen et ora potest.

WE hear Andromache of fate complain  
And still see Troy to ruin reel and fall.  
Th' onslaught of Ajax, and great Hector slain  
By horses dragged round all the city wall,  
In Homer's song: the honour of whose name  
Eastern and Western shores alike do claim.

TIME filches all, and changes as it flits  
Our names, our looks, our fortunes, and our wits.

### THREE BROTHERS TO PAN.

A. Pal. vi. 16. Archias.

**I**NCOLA Pan, scopulorum, arma illaqueantia donant  
Haec sua tres fratres, munera trina, tibi.  
Dat Pigres avium pedicas, laqueosque ferarum  
Damis, lina ferens humida Cleitor adest.  
Teque favente iterum silvam hic invadat, et ille  
Aera, et oceani tertius alta petat.

### ON A STATUE OF A SLEEPING ARIADNE.

A. Plan. 146. Author unknown.

**T**ANGERE marmoream Minoida parce, resurgens  
Thesea ne cursu praecipitante petat.

PAN of the rocky heights, we brothers three  
These snaring tools here dedicate to thee :  
Pigres his toils, Damis his wild-beasts net,  
And Cleitor his, still with the sea-salt wet.  
So we thy favour may, we pray, retain  
In air, and oakwood, and the briny main.

HERE Ariadne sleeping lies;  
From touching her refrain,  
Lest springing up she should pursue  
Her Theseus once again.

## THE OLD HUSBANDMAN.

A. Pal. vii. 321. Author unknown.

**T**ERRA, senem agricolam, longi haud oblita laboris,  
Accipe, ut in gremio dormiat, alma, tuo.

Ille in te posuit plantas albentis olivae.

Et multo coluit palmite, diva, solum.

Frumentoque implevit agros, et flumina duxit

Ut fecunda herbis, fertiliorque fores.

Sis levis emeriti crines super illius albos.

Et tumulo florum tu memor adde decus.

DEAR earth, remembering his long toil on thee  
Let old Amyntas in thy lap recline.

In thee he planted many an olive tree.

Filled thee with corn, and pranked thee out with vine.  
His water channels too to thee he led,

Whence fruit and herbs thy soil in plenty gave.  
Then in return lie soft on his grey head,

And let Spring's flowery herbage deck his grave.

## MYCENAE.

A. Pal. ix. 101. Alpheus.

**H**EROUM urbs visu jam rara superstes, et usquam  
Si qua manet, campum vix superare potest.  
Talem te noram peregrinus forte, Mycenae,  
Hircis depasti nil nisi tesca jugi.  
Teque senex inquit monstrans, Urbs alta Cyclopum  
Extulit hic arces aurea, dives opum.

## HER CROWN OF FLOWERS.

A. Pal. v. 143. Meleager.

**S**ERTA comis imponit, at ipsa corona coronae,  
Quum pereant flores, Heliodora micat.



OF Heroes' cities few now meet the eye,  
And those that yet survive scarce top the ground.  
Thee too, Mycenae, lately passing by,  
Naught but a grazing place for goats I found.  
And one old shepherd pointing said, Behold  
Here stood the Cyclops' city, rich in gold.

HER flower crown fades, which on her brow she bound;  
Now shines my love with her own beauty crowned.

## MYCENAE.

A. Pal. ix. 28. Pompeius.

**A**RIDA tesca patent ubi quondam urbs alta Mycenae,  
Atque obscura mihi nil nisi saxa manent.  
Ast olim potui praeclaræ moenia Trojae  
Calcare et Priami depopulare domum.  
Hinc robur cognosce vetus. Si dura senectus  
Sit mihi justa parum, testis Homerus adest.

## ON A CUPID BREAKING A THUNDERBOLT.

A. Plan. 250. Author unknown.

**A**SPICE ut alatus valeat dirumpere fulmen  
Alatum; est igni fortior ignis Amor.

**M**YCENAE'S site though desert sands bestrew,  
And now I'm naught but stones obscure to view,  
I once proud Illium's battlements laid low,  
And emptied Priam's house. Hence you may know  
My former strength. If age my words belie,  
Content with Homer's evidence am I.

**W**INGED Love can break the wingèd bolt of Jove  
A stronger fire than fire itself is Love.

## THE TOMB OF BAUCIS.

A. Pal. vii. 712. Erinna.

**A**D cippum accedens, lacrimis tam saepe madentem,  
Baucidis, inferno talia fare deo,  
‘Invidus est Acheron.’ Et ab hoc cognosce, viator,  
A sponso miseram me rapuisse deos.  
Ipsa meis etenim, quâ fulsissent Hymenaei,  
Ignem supposuit pinea taeda rogis.  
Jamque tui cantus molles, Hymenaeae, silescunt,  
Perque domos tristis luctus ubique sonat.

HERE lies bride Baucis. O'er her tear-stained urn  
Say to the god who rules the realms below,  
'Envious art thou, O Death.' So all may learn  
How to her spouse Fate dealt a ruthless blow.  
That torch of pine-wood fired her funeral pile  
Which should to her new home have led the bride.  
No happy marriage songs the ear beguile,  
But dirges sad resound on every side.

## ERINNA.

A. Pal. vii. 13. Leonidas of Tarentum.

**P**IERIDUM flores quae libans ore puella,  
Cantores inter, mella legebat, apis,  
Dempsit ad infernos Erinnam mors Hymenaeos ;  
\*Dixit at ipsa sagax, 'Invidus est Acheron.'

\* See Erinna's verses on the Tomb of Baucis p. 34.

## DEATH IN EXILE.

A. Pal. vii. 477. Tymnes.

**N**E cures nimium quia sorte, Philaeni, remoto  
Longius a Nilo mors patienda tibi,  
Sitque in Eleuthernâ tumulus. Subeuntur eâdem  
A quocumque loco tristia regna viâ.

GIRL-POET sweet ! like bee at summertime  
She nectar sipt the Muses' flowers among.  
But grim Death claimed Erinna for his bride :  
    'Thou'rt envious, Death' the girl herself had sung.

ALTHOUGH you die so far from Nile, and find  
Your grave in Eleutherne, blame not fate,  
Philaenis ; for from everywhere mankind  
    All by the one same road reach Pluto's gate.

TRAHIT SUA QUEMQUE VOLUPTAS.

A. Pal. xii. 2. Strato.

**N**ON cecini Priamum super ipsa altaria caesum.  
Nec mala Medae tristia nec Niobae.  
Nec frondes inter Philomela in carmine nostro  
Moeret Ityn. Veteres haec cecinere satis.  
Sunt mihi suavis Amor, Charites, juxtaque Lyaeus.  
Moestaque quam minime talibus ora placent.

THE STATUE OF THE CNIDIAN VENUS.

A. Plan. 162. Author unknown.

**A**SPICIENS Cnidiam Venerem Cytherea rogavit  
‘Quî potuit nudam cernere Praxiteles?’



**I** SING not Priam slain on altar stone,  
Nor sad Medea's woes, nor Niobe's,  
Nor in my verse does Philomel make moan  
For Itys. Men have sung full oft of these.  
Bacchus, sweet Love, the Graces are my theme,  
And solemn faces do not them beseem.

**T**HE Cnidian statue of herself  
When Venus saw, she cried  
'Alack! where hath Praxiteles  
My unveiled charms espied?'

REASON *v.* LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 93. Rufinus.

**T**ELA mihi Ratio defendit pectore Amoris,  
Mortalemque deus me superare nequit.  
Accedat socius si forte Lyaeus Amori,  
Quid valeam in binos cominus unus ego?

VENUS ARMED.

A. Plan. 174. Author unknown.

**A**RMATAM alloquitur Cytheream Pallas Athene,  
‘Arbitrium mavis sic petiisse, Venus?’  
‘Quid,’ ridens inquit, ‘clipeum in certamine prodest?  
‘Nudaque si vinco, quid magis arma juvant?’

'GAINST Love in Reason's breastplate I'm arrayed,  
Nor can the God, alone, o'er me prevail.  
But should Love call in Bacchus to his aid,  
One matched with two, what can I do but fail?

'SHALL we go thus to judgment?' Pallas said,  
When Venus clad in armour she espied.  
'Naked I conquer; how much more with aid  
Of shield and arms?' she with a smile replied.

## THE CYNICISM OF LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 176. Meleager.

**D**URUS Amor, durus. Sed quid juvat usque gementem  
Hoc iterum atque iterum dicere, Durus Amor?  
Nam Puer haec ridet gaudens convicia: probra  
Delectare solent, et mala verba juvant.  
Fluctibus at miror glaucis, Cytherea, creatam  
Ardentem e lymphâ te generasse facem.

## AN EXCHANGE.

A. Pal. ix. 44. Plato.

**I**NVENIENS aurum funem fur linquit, et auri  
Invento dominus dat sibi fune necem.

**H**ARD, hard is Love. But what does it avail  
Repeating 'Hard is Love' to moan and wail?  
Love only laughs. Reproaches fill his heart  
With gladness, and revilings strength impart.  
But how could you, who out of blue waves came,  
From water, Cyprian, give birth to flame?

**A** THIEF found gold, and left upon the ground  
A rope. Missing the pelf  
He'd left, the owner took the rope he found,  
And with it hanged himself.

## THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES.

A. Pal. vii. 22. Simmias.

**L**ENITER in tumulo Sophoclis viridissima repens,  
Frons hederæ, teneras sparge profusa comas.  
Floreat hic circum rosa plurima; fertilis uvæ  
Palmitibus lentis vitis obumbret humum.  
Dos illi ingenii, dos reddere dulcia cantu,  
Cui Musæ et Charites propria dona dabant.

## THE GRAVE OF ANACREON.

A. Pal. vii. 28. Author unknown.

**E**ST tumulus quem cernis Anacraeontis, Iacchum  
Qui coluit; libans da, peregrine, merum.

O IVY, gently creeping o'er the tomb  
Of Sophocles, your fresh green tresses spread.  
And all around the spot may roses bloom,  
And grape-clad vine her pliant tendrils shed.  
Dowered by Muse and Grace he did combine  
In sweet-voiced song wisdom and charm divine.

I BURIED here, Anacreon loved the vine ;  
O passer by, pour on my grave some wine.

## THE DEAD FRIEND.

A. Pal. vii. 346. Author unknown.

**E**XIGUUM magnae monumentum, care Sabine,  
Hoc nostrae statuo marmor amicitiae.

Te semper flebo ; me nunquam pectore Lethes,  
Hoc modo fata sinant, eximat unda tuo.

## PITILESS LOVE.

A. Pal. xii. 48. Meleager.

**U**T perii ! mihi, dive ferox, preme calce jacenti  
Cervicem ; testor quam gravis esse soles.

Te novi et pharetram, sed ne comburere telis  
Ultra speraris ; cor cinis omne meum est.



**T**HIS little stone do I, as record true  
Of our great friendship, dear Sabinus, set.  
For you I'll mourn. Kind fate forbid that you  
Should drink of Lethe's stream and me forget.

**I**'M down! Fierce God, place on my neck thy heel.  
By Heav'n! I know how burdensome thou art.  
But of thy flaming darts no more I'll feel  
The burning. Naught but ashes is my heart.

EURIPIDES.

A. Pal. vii. 45. Thucydides.

**G**RAECIA suavidici monumentum Euripidis ipsa est;  
Emathia et mortem vidit et ossa tenet;  
Patria sed terrae Graium decus illud, Athenæ:  
Nec, multis placitus carmine, laude caret.

THE GLORY OF THE HEAVENS.

A. Pal. ix. 577. Ptolemaeus.

**M**ORTALI brevis est mihi vita; rotantia miris  
Quum tamen aspicio sidera mille modis,  
Tellurem pedibus sperno, et Jovis ipsius hospes,  
Victu coelestum perfruor ambrosiâ.

OUR poet's bones lie in Emathian earth,  
All Hellas' self bears witness to his fame,  
Athens the crown of Hellas gave him birth,  
And all men now his muse's charm acclaim.

SHORT-LIVED am I and mortal; but when I  
View the stars circling in their multitude,  
I spurn the earth, and, guest of Jove on high,  
Feast on ambrosia, the Immortals' food.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH.

A. Pal. x. 69. Agathias.

**P**ARCE metu mortis. Genetrix est alma quietis  
Quae morbos abigit, pauperiemque simul.  
Quippe semel cunctis mortalibus advenit illa,  
Scilicet ad nullum bis regit illa viam.  
At dum vita manet quot nos cruciare dolores,  
Morbi et multiplices exagitare solent.

## ON A SILVER STATUETTE OF A SLEEPING SATYR.

A. Plan. 248. Plato.

**S**OPIVIT Satyrum sculptor, non finxit, et ille  
Assurget, si vis tangere, dormit enim.

WHY dread'st thou death, mother of rest and peace  
Who from disease and want gives full release?  
Once and but once she comes to mortals all,  
None e'er received from her a second call.  
But we're beset, so long as life remains  
By swarms of diverse maladies and pains.

DIODORUS wrought not this by hand,  
He the Satyr hushed to sleep.  
Up at once if touched he'll stand,  
The silver doth but slumber keep.

## THE GRAVE OF A DOG.

Jacob's Appx. 341. Author unknown.

**H**UNC forte aspiciens tumulum ridere, viator,  
Parce, precor, quanquam contegit ossa canis.  
Me lachrymans terrae dominus dedit, atque locavit  
Elogium digitis hoc memor ipse suis.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

A. Pal. ix. 138. Author unknown.

**D**IVES ego annosus, juvenem me pressit egestas,  
Tristis et hic juvenis casus, et ille senis.  
Nil habui poterat quum delectare voluptas,  
Omnia nunc habeo quum mihi nulla placent.

**I**F stranger, as you pass, this tomb you see,  
Although a dog lies here, forbear to laugh.  
My master wept what time he buried me,  
And with his own hand wrought this epitaph.

**I**'M old, but rich; want gript me when a boy.  
Both as old man and boy my case is sad.  
So much I have now when I can't enjoy,  
And when I could enjoy then naught I had.

## THE WORN-OUT PLOUGH OX.

A. Pal. vi. 228. Addaeus.

**N**ON bovis est veteris fessique laboribus Alcon  
Oblitus, cultro non jugulare dedit.  
Liquit ovans sulcos, et libertate potitus.  
Mugit ubi laeto gramine prata virent.

## SAFE IN PORT.

A. Pal. ix. 49. Author unknown.

**I**NVENI portum. Spes et Fortuna, valete.  
Actum est. Venturos ludificare licet.

## THE CHILDREN OF NICANDER & LYSIDACE.

A. Pal. vii. 474. Author unknown.

**N**ICANDRI hic pueros tumulus tenet unus; honestam  
Prolem Lysidaces abstulit una dies.



**T**HE worn out ox, his gratitude to show,  
Alcon refused to give to butcher's knife.  
In the lush meadow grass, with joyous low  
Free'd from the plough, it leads an easy life.

**F**ORTUNE and Hope, farewell. I've found the port.  
You're naught to me. Of those to come make sport.

**H**ERE lie Nicander's children. One fell day  
Swept all Lysidace's dear babes away.

## HERMES.

A. Plan. 158. Nicias.

**H**IC juga Cyllenes Zephyris agitata frequentans  
Frondosae, tueor prata fidelis ego,  
Hermes, gymnasii: cui saepe thymum, atque hyacinthos  
Et violas pueri, florea sarta, ferunt.

## THE FALL OF BERYTUS.

A. Pal. ix. 501. Author unknown.

**U**RBEM olim vivam linquebat mortuus, urbis  
Jam nos viventes ducimus exsequias.

## VAIN HOPE.

A. Pal. ix. 8. Author unknown.

**V**IVENDI semper furtim Spes surripit aevum,  
Ultima donec opus conficit omne dies.

**H**ERE on Cyllenes high wind-ruffled hill  
I, Hermes, stand, guarding the playing ground.  
And oft with marjoram and daffodil  
And violets fresh I by the boys am crowned.

**T**HEY left their town alive, who died of old;  
We living still our city's funeral hold.

**H**OPE wastes our lives. The last day dawns, and lo!  
All our fine projects to the scrap-heap go.

## PINDAR.

A. Plan. 305. Antipater of Sidon.

UT tuba clara sonos summergit arundinis, omnes  
Sic alios fidibus tu superare potes.  
Nec frustra tibi dona examina fulva tulerunt,  
Finxere et molli, Pindare, mella labro.  
En deus Arcadiae, calamos oblitus agrestes,  
Pindaricum carmen corniger ipse canit.

## TO THE LAND OF ERYTHRAE.

Homer vii.

ALMA hominum generi donorum prodiga Tellus,  
Sunt quibus omne bonum dat tua plena manus.  
Quam tamen infecunda aliis et acerba videris,  
Queis meritas segetes, Diva, perosa negas.

## TO A FLOWER GIRL.

A. Pal. v. 81. Dionysius.

**G**IRL with the roses, graceful as a rose,  
Say now of what it is that you dispose.  
Is it the roses, or yourself, you sell?  
Or is it both, roses and self as well?

## TO MY SOUL.

Bergk. Theognis ll. 887-88.

**K**EEP young, dear soul of mine, soon others must  
Be men, while I shall die and be but dust.

## THE SPARTAN DEAD AT THERMOPYLAE.

A. Pal. vii. 249. Simonides.

**O** STRANGER, tell the Spartans that we still  
Are lying here, obedient to their will.

## FAREWELL.

**S**ALVETE aeternum cantores temporis acti,  
Nulla quibus reddi gratia digna potest.  
Jam fragiles subeunt anni; gravat intima Lethe  
Pectora. Da veniam, lector amice. Vale.

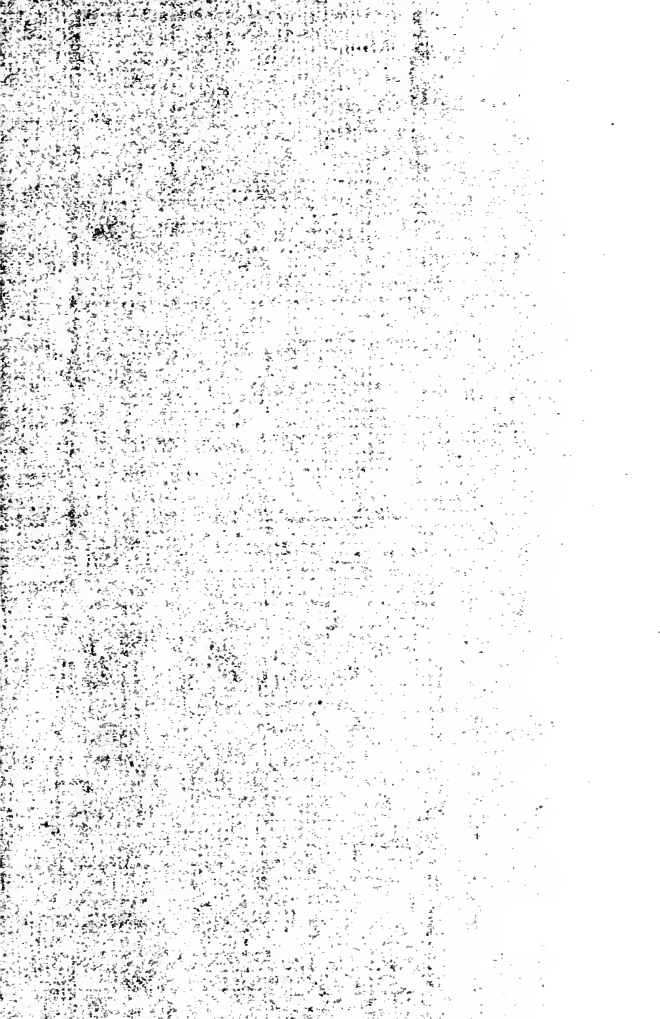
**A**LL Hail, sweet singers of long by-gone days,  
My gratitude to you no words could tell.  
Me age enfeebles; Memory decays.  
Deal with me gently, reader, and Farewell.











**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**

**Los Angeles**

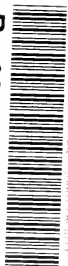
**This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.**



L 007 035 531 8

PA  
3623  
A5M48

**B** 000 018 371 5



10 SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

